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## The Critic

Published Weekly, at 52 Lafayette Place, New York, by  
THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.  
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic Office, 52 Lafayette Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano's, and the principal newsdealers in New York. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Chicago: Brentano's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. Denver, Col.: C. Smith & Son. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square; and American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. Paris: Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

### Literature

#### "The Rise of Christendom"\*

THIS STATELY, beautifully printed book is one of the greatest pieces of literary audacity in any language. The author belongs to the same Order with Miss Delia Bacon, Father Hardouin, the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Herr Ernest de Bunsen, Dr. Bruno Bauer, and other illustrious iconoclasts. The motto of the Order is, 'Whatever has hitherto been universally accepted is false.' The object of the Order is to prove the rationality of a paradox. Like the members already mentioned Mr. Johnson has exhaustless fertility of invention, perfect seriousness, great learning, and good manners. Like them he provokes 'inxtinguishable laughter.' The thesis he sets out to present is this: Christianity is the invention of Basilian and Benedictine monks in Italy in the thirteenth century. Whence it follows that the history of Christianity previous to that time is entirely fictitious; the Old and New Testaments are mediæval forgeries, and still more so is the entire patristic literature.

Lest the assertions just made should be thought to be mistaken impressions derived from a too hasty skimming of Mr. Johnson's book, the present writer will give the pages upon which they are found. The close of the tenth century, we are told, is marked 'by the infancy of the Hebrew language and literature at Cordova' (p. 470).

With regard to the Jews, it may be said generally that their historic memory begins with that war [the Crusades], and their impressions have been written down as if with pens dipped in blood. \* \* \* These things have been written down in the language of the Bible, and in the style of the Bible, by men of the same Rabbinical class with those who produced the Biblical writings (p. 471. Cf. pp. 285, 286, 287, 300, 303). The Roman Church came into being as the rival of the greater Church of Islam, and was borne to power upon a passionate current of anti-Semitic feeling which set in from the time [1187] of the conquest of the Turks (p. 481). The lives of the Popes during the thirteenth century are in fact allegorical of the struggles of the great Orders of monks and friars (p. 483). I have shown that the Church was founded in a time of darkness, wrath and dismay (p. 494). The earliest Church literature is a Graeco-Latin or Latin-Greek literature, and it is founded, by means of an artificial connection, upon the Law and the Prophets of the Synagogue, and upon the Oral Tradition of the Rabbins. \* \* \* Hebrew literature from the eleventh and twelfth century is not a revival, but a beginning. \* \* \* The Law and the Prophets substantially as we now possess them probably began to be well known in the synagogues about the middle of the twelfth century (p. 332). Certainly it cannot have been much earlier [than the thirteenth century] that the New Law or Testament could have been compiled (p. 341). The Catalogues of Church writers which were produced from the Western monasteries from about a century before the invention of printing [1455] \* \* \* show, beyond doubt, that Church history, so called, was first schemed and then written (p. 342). The Greek and Latin monks remained in union from the latter part of the twelfth century during nearly the whole of the following age. \* \* \* They had, perhaps by the end of the thirteenth century, contrived a great consensus of opinion on the part of imaginary Fathers in the East and West (p. 354). They had rendered the Bible [*i. e.*, the Old Testament], or parts of it, into Greek and Latin \* \* \* had begun \* \* \* the *Apostle* and the *Book of the Gospels* [the

italics are Mr. Johnson's] \* \* \* probably they had written the so-called apocryphal books of the Old Testament (p. 355). The New Testament could not have been begun till [the twelfth century] (p. 380).

But enough has been verbally quoted to show we have not mistaken nor mis-stated the author's opinions. These opinions are proved to that gentleman's satisfaction by page after page of literary analysis. Thus, to 'The Rise of Hebrew Literature' he devotes pp. 285-331; to the 'System of Church Literature' he devotes his ninth chapter (pp. 332-93), in which he declares that the work attributed to every Christian writer from St. Matthew to the last in the twelfth century is a forgery. We rub our eyes; we shake ourselves; are we in dreamland? No, we are awake: it is Mr. Johnson whose somnambulistic performances we are witnessing Or perhaps he is hypnotized.

Is it worth while to refute such a writer? By him no credence is given to anything which runs counter to his theory. Thus it has generally been supposed that there are allusions to the Jews in Latin classical literature; but such allusions, he declares, are all monkish interpolations (pp. 434 *sqq.*); for it is part of his theory that there were no Jews till the tenth century (p. 31). Again, ordinary church history scholars, like Dr. Schaff and Dr. Fisher, to name only two of our best known, have appealed to the Christian inscriptions on the Roman Imperial coins as incidental proof of the early recognition of Christianity; but such, Mr. Johnson says, are forgeries, as the coins are fabrications (*e. g.*, p. 49). Other scholars have spent much time in the Catacombs, and declared that they bore witness in a very touching way to the great antiquity of the Christian Church; so de Rossi, Parker, Stanley, Roller; but Mr. Johnson says: 'The pretended Christian inscriptions are not Christian at all' (p. 41). A vast multitude have found their great stimulus in life and their only comfort in death from the contemplation and imitation of Jesus Christ; but even Christ is a monastic creation!

This review might be indefinitely extended. The reviewer has read the greater part of Mr. Johnson's book, and carefully examined the whole of it. He thinks the chapters entitled, 'Glimpses of Mediaeval Rome and Italy,' 'Moral and Religious Teaching among the Romans,' 'The Ethics of the Monasteries' and 'The Traditions of the Morgue' are valuable. But when asked to believe that Christianity, not in its present form but in idea and early history, is a monastic invention; that the Light of the World first shone in a forger's cell and appeared to a lying monk; that the stirring drama of Christ's life was concocted by a conspiracy, and the profoundest conceptions of ethics and theology, the grandest pictures of heroism and humility, Stephen before the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem, Paul before Nero at Rome, and above all the solitary description of perfection in word and deed, the inimitable story of the earthly life of Jesus, that all these were the product of thirteenth century Benedictines, he closes the book in amazement and disgust. His mind reverts to the scenes of the Savior's life, to the gardens of Nero, to the Arch of Titus; he seems to see again the Great Temple at Karnak, to read the Assyrian monuments, to pore over the Greek inscriptions. From each such source of knowledge of the past comes a refutation of Mr. Johnson's claims; and so he reassures himself in the credibility of the orthodox historical teaching, and, leaving Mr. Johnson, proceeds to the perusal of fiction more frankly fictitious.

#### "A Puritan Pagan"\*

THE AUTHOR of 'The Diary of a Diplomat' has certainly improved a great deal since the literary world was enriched with that Portrait of a Gentleman. The present story, which is undeniably clever although very uneven, deals with a pair of people who marry before they know much of each other or of life in general, the natural consequence being

\* The Rise of Christendom. By Edwin Johnson, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

\* A Puritan Pagan. By Julien Gordon. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.

that when the man is led into temptation he yields, and the woman—no less naturally in the circumstances—is unforgiving; so they part, only to come together again when he has atoned by suffering, and she has become softened by time and the judicious counsel of a woman of fashion, who is the goddess in the machine throughout. The character of this goddess is the best in the book; for Paula, the heroine, is somewhat of a prig; and her husband belongs, even to his romantic name, Norwood (than which, by the way, he seems, like Norval, to have no other, for even his wife never calls him anything else)—her husband belongs to a breed familiar to the reader of novels written by women—heroes whose teeth gleam, and whose brains reel, and who, when they go into business, always make a million. During Paula's separation from Norwood, she joins her friend and mentor, Mrs. Heathcote, in Paris, and we have some sketches of French society, given with a naive directness and fidelity to nature which suggest the ever-present kodak. From a shy, retiring girl the heroine develops into a finished woman of the world, while her husband is doing penance almost as a hermit. Finally she goes back to him, and when, 'generously, like a sovereign who weighs not the largess of her gift,' "Norwood," she said to him, "I trust you," with a wild cry he caught her—and that is the end.

We have no desire to seem flippant in this notice; but to the reviewer the writings of Julien Gordon present some special difficulties. On the one hand we are told that 'here is real work, to be judged from a professional standpoint'; and on the other, that 'this is the pastime of a woman of fashion: take it as a picture of society.' If we follow the first suggestion we are forced to say that the writer's work so far, with the single exception of the story called 'Vampires,' has been distinctly that of a clever amateur. The style is often stilted, with a leaning towards hard and unusual words, the grammar faulty and the plot clumsily handled; while the sketches of real people are made so like life, and the true names sometimes so little changed, that it is doubtful whether the law of libel could be evaded, should one of the involuntary sitters take offence at his portrait. In regard to the other side of the author's work, that which deals with society, we are also forced to take exception. Many women live in letters who had no claim in their time to be literary women, but whose correspondence and memoirs are now the only mirrors in which we can see the shadowy forms of the old 'great ladies.' Their grammar and their spelling, like their morals, sometimes knew no law, but they were seldom vulgar, and a fatal tinge of vulgarity runs through all Julien Gordon's work. In the present book Mrs. Heathcote, 'in a long white cashmere dressing-gown bordered with sable, was nursing her complexion,' and it being then twelve o'clock in the day, 'was partaking of chicken-salad and hothouse strawberries in the dainty sitting-room which her hostess had awarded to her, and from which opened her sumptuously appointed bed-chamber.' So far as we know, what servants call 'real ladies' do not nurse their complexions in white gowns bordered with sable, nor usually 'partake' of chicken-salad at high noon; and this is but one of many similar instances. It is certainly not a mark of delicate taste to call a foreigner 'Prince Pus Pus,' nor is 'Tad Nailer' a pretty name for a young fellow who is supposed to be a 'swell.'

These are trifles, and we should not have spoken of them if the work of this author had not been praised entirely beyond its due; but the right of the critic to judge what claims to be literature by the standards of the literary profession must be insisted upon if the republic of letters is to be anything but a name.

#### "Principles of Political Economy"\*

THE AUTHOR of this work is one of the most eminent of living French economists, and we are glad to have a version

\**Principles of Political Economy.* By Charles Gide. Translated by Edward P. Jacobsen. \$2. D. C. Heath & Co.

of his treatise in English. The translation contains some expressions that are hardly correct English, but on the whole it is easy and pleasant reading. Mr. James Bonar contributes a brief introduction and a large number of short but valuable notes. As for the work itself, the descriptive parts of it are exceedingly well done, the various operations of production and exchange being set forth with unusual clearness and in a manner likely to attract readers. The theoretical part, however, is not of equal excellence. The arrangement is bad, to begin with, value being treated before exchange, while exchange itself is regarded as merely a department of production. The author, too, shows that inability so common at the present day to distinguish between economics and ethics, his discussion of distribution being in the main an inquiry as to what the distribution of wealth ought to be and how the present distribution may be improved.

As regards doctrine and method, M. Gide agrees on most points with the standard English writers. His method is analytical and deductive, and he uses history only as a means of illustration and verification. He adopts the Ricardian law of rent, and likewise follows the English writers in most that he says on the subjects of exchange, money and credit. He at first repudiates the doctrine that the normal value of goods is determined by the cost of production, and maintains that 'it would be more correct to say that it is the value of the product which determines the cost of production' (p. 66). Yet a few pages afterwards we find him stating just as explicitly that value *is* determined by cost of production; and this view is maintained through the rest of the work. It is strange that so glaring a contradiction should be retained in the third edition of the book. Wages and profits, Mr. Gide thinks, are governed by the law of supply and demand; and he makes no attempt to sound the matter any deeper. On the whole, though the work is not free from defects, it will be useful to American readers.

#### "As We Were Saying"\*

THIS PUNCTURING of fashionable fads is not the least delicate of the offices of the modern literary scalpel. A sure hand, a steady nerve, a clear eye, are indispensable to this sort of surgery, which is as refined as the art of mounting butterflies scientifically and as charming when done skilfully as any other species of fine art. The social satirist is not always a genial creature. Juvenal and Johnson, Persius and Rabelais, Cervantes and Hudibras rise on the imagination in solemn array, and point a warning finger at the writer of satirical tendencies who nibbles at the weaknesses of his age and impales them even on the point of a golden pen. And yet how irresistible is the siren Satire as she sits on her rock and sings to the passing Ulysses to come and woo her—faintly, musically, fascinatingly, till he yields and is lost!

This terrible fate, however, has never overtaken the ironical corner of *Harper's Monthly* where is ensconced a critic who skims skilfully over the polished floors of society, looks in here and there where society images itself as in a *galerie des glaces*, picks up here a feather and there a jewel and yonder a 'fad' which the elect are flourishing, and then takes it to his studio for delightful if remorseless dissection. In this way quite a little cabinet of curios has been gathered by Mr. Warner, whose Drawer is always brimming with good things and who is a social astronomer with a far-seeing glass. We know no more artistic specimens of quizzing than those that he has captured and mounted in his museum. None of these are absolute 'freaks' or inhuman monsters: all have been, at one time or another, pets or appurtenances of *Haut Ton*. Everybody will thank him for the notelet on 'Social Screaming,'—a practice which is the apotheosis of Mrs. Jarley and by which everybody is wound up like a bit of wax-work to outshout his neighbor at a

\**As We Were Saying.* By Charles Dudley Warner. \$1. Harper & Bros.

private reception. The suggestion of a 'Social Clearing-House' is humorous and ingenious, while the essay on 'Naturalization' throws a new and startling light on the unimagined dangers of matrimony. Who but Mr. Warner could dandle these trifles so gracefully before the mind and make their angles flash out new and hidden meanings? There is an acid that never bites; and perhaps this is it.

#### Theological and Religious Literature

'THE ORACLES OF GOD' consists of nine lectures on the nature and extent of Biblical inspiration and on the special significance of the Old Testament Scriptures, by Dr. W. Sanday, Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis at Oxford. The first edition of this work was soon exhausted. The fact is a proof of the interest taken in the subject as well as of the author's ability in handling it. Just now the human element in Scripture is emphasized by Christian scholars as never before, and the 'errancy' of Scripture in consequence much dwelt upon. Prof. Sanday very aptly says that 'the fundamental mistake that is too often made is to form the idea of what inspiration is from what we should antecedently expect it to be, and not from the evidence to what as a matter of fact it is.' He guards himself from that error by a very careful and reverential handling of the Scripture data for the definition. He considers the human and the divine elements in the Book as we have it, and shows how the true definition of inspiration makes place for both. He sees clearly that the modification of the traditional view thus necessitated involves a loss. The idol of infallibility has been shattered. The inquirer feels bound when any question of doctrine or practice arises, not only to take the passage of Scripture quoted in defence of it along with its context, but 'also to ask who was the author, when did he write, and with what stage in the history of Revelation is the particular utterance connected.' But the loss is overbalanced by the gain. The Bible becomes a new book and its interpretation for the first time scientific. Upon the point of the value of Christ's testimony to the authorship of the books of the Old Testament quoted or referred to by him, Prof. Sanday cautiously says that 'if it should be proved that the Law, as we have it, was not written by Moses, or that the 110th Psalm was not written by David,' the explanation of Christ's reference to them under the erroneous names 'must lie in the fact that He is \* \* \* not only God but Man.' The book as a whole can be cordially commended to both the advocates and opponents of the new order of Biblical affairs. (\$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.)

'GOSPEL CRITICISM and Historical Christianity,' by Dr. Orello Cone, is a learned, able and reverential study of the Gospels and of the history of the Gospel canon during the second century, with a consideration of the results of modern criticism. The author is a Universalist of eminence. His conclusions on some points are striking and have already exposed him to mild rebuke by at least one denominational paper. Thus he gives up the Johannine origin of the Fourth Gospel, and says:—'This incomparable Gospel is a monument to a great genius, and we may well believe that no one would be more ready than he to acknowledge his indebtedness to his greater Master.' The chapter of which these are the concluding words is admirably written. Still more remarkable, in view of his denominational affiliations, is the author's avowal that the Jew's 'real Gospel, when freed from Jewish-Christian accretions, is not at all Book of Revelation disclosing celestial arcana' (p. 288). Again, 'one hazards nothing in saying that in all the Gospels there is not a single application of a so-called prophetic passage from the Old Testament to the history of Jesus which can be justified by a scientific interpretation.' Again: 'As pure history in the proper sense of the word, the Gospel narratives can by no means be regarded. \* \* \* They contain historical reminiscences of Jesus, vivid pictures of his life, striking sketches of his character, above all authentic reproductions of his great teachings.' But as they were composed between forty and sixty years after his death, they contain the results of Jewish-Christian and Pauline-Christian speculation and construction, and the Jesus they present is far from being the Christ of orthodox theology. (\$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'PHILOMYTHUS: An Antidote Against Credulity' is a discussion, by Edwin A. Abbott, of Cardinal Newman's essays on 'Ecclesiastical Miracles.' On March 25, 1891, the author dated the preface to his first edition, and on May 12, 1891, he dated the preface to the present (second) edition! And no wonder, for such vigorous writing against a popular idol is rarely met with. Others had previously made the same point against Cardinal Newman, that he was incapable of argument inasmuch as he was incapaci-

tated from accuracy of detail and from appreciating evidence, and was swayed by prejudice. Dr. Abbott gives at great length the grounds of this opinion. He attacks 'not Newman himself, but the whole of that theological "system of safety" which would pollute the intellect with the suggestion that it is "safe" to say this, and "unsafe" to say that about alleged historical facts.' The result of this attack is for the plain man to demolish Cardinal Newman's pretensions to be an historical writer of even ordinary truthfulness, although Dr. Abbott does not accuse Newman of conscious insincerity. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

'WHAT ROME TEACHES,' by Miss M. F. Cusack, 'the Nun of Kenmare,' is an exposition of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice by one who has only recently left that communion, in which she was prominent. For awhile after she left she did not join any Protestant body, but last spring was immersed by the Rev. Dr. MacArthur of Calvary Baptist Church, this city. The book under consideration is the first considerable fruit of her newly found Protestant zeal. It is intended to be an eye-opener for Protestants, and it is. The effect of reading it is to raise grave doubts as to the truthfulness of many of the Roman Catholic popular assertions. For instance, Roman Catholics deny that Protestants as such will be damned, but their symbolical books go to prove that the faith of the Church is that there is no salvation outside its pale (p. 69). In a book of this kind strict accuracy in quotation and especially exact references are paramount necessities. Miss Cusack does not always attain this standard. For frequently she refers very loosely and vaguely to catechisms and newspapers. Before issuing a new edition—and we hope that one will be called for very soon—she will do well to go over her book with this purpose in mind. What catechism does she allude to on page 43? How and where can we get it? What issue of *The Catholic Weekly* is quoted on page 73? Where is *The Roman Catholic Times* published, which she quotes on page 260? (\$1.25. Baker & Taylor Co.)

'A LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS Gonzaga of the Society of Jesus,' written by the students of rhetoric of the class of 1892 at St. Francis Xavier's College, this city, and edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., has been prepared from the Bollandist and other sources by young men under nineteen years of age. It celebrates the tercentenary of the death of the Saint, who is the patron of students. Judged by literary standards it leaves much to be desired, and judged from a Protestant standpoint, the Saint might have led a more useful life. Still, in his own day, his mortifications, penances and unsocial existence generally seemed indicative of heavenly piety, and he incited many to a higher life. (\$1. St. Francis Xavier's College.)—'PRAYERS OF THE ORTHODOX EASTERN CHURCH,' translated by Katharine, Lady Lechmere, is a dainty book and contains many beautiful prayers. Those who may believe that the Greek Church does not worship the Virgin Mary are requested to read the prayers on pages 112-122. (London: Gilbert & Rivington.)—A USEFUL book of reference is 'A Bibliography of Missions,' compiled by the Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, assisted by the Rev. G. W. Gilmore, being 'Appendix A' of the 'Encyclopædia of Missions' of the same author. It is claimed to be the largest collection of titles ever made in missionary bibliography, and, in addition, it gives in most cases, the price, the number of volumes and the size of each work. The publisher's name is almost always given, except in the case of foreign publications. We need hardly say that it is quite as important a piece of information as any, yet bibliographers, generally, do not seem to think so. The entries are classified under such headings as 'Missionary Atlases and Maps,' 'Ethnology of Missionary Lands,' 'Travels,' subdivided under the several countries alphabetically arranged; 'Religions,' 'Histories,' 'Biographies' and 'Miscellaneous.' These headings are printed in leaded type at the top of the double-columned page. Blank leaves are liberally provided for extension. Only one hundred copies of this appendix are printed separately, and they are not for sale. (Funk & Wagnalls.)

A WELL-CHOSEN theme clearly and ably discussed is 'Dangers of the Apostolic Age,' by the Right Rev. James Moorhouse, D.D., Bishop of Manchester. The author has carefully studied in the text of the New Testament, as well as in more recondite sources, the dangers to the infant Church, as hinted at in Paul's letters to the churches in Galatia and at Colossae, and in the anonymous treatise to the Hebrews. In the first case, the peril arose from a party of Judaizers who would have so limited the new society in doctrine and practice as to make it merely a Jewish sect. In the second instance the danger sprang from a Gentile source, in the form of a philosophy which, like that so current in our own day, thought itself liberal, enlightened, and all-sufficient. In the third case, the danger was that of apostasy from the faith, during the

great Jewish rebellion just before the Siege of Jerusalem. By a mingling of the historical, critical and homiletical methods, the author, with remarkable clearness, lays open the past, meets the old and the new forms of the dangers that ever threaten Christianity, and points to the conditions necessary to maintain the faith. Preachers will find this work suggestive and helpful. (\$1.25. Thomas Whittaker.)—'BRAND OF DOMINIC; or, Inquisition at Rome Supreme and Universal,' by the Rev. William H. Rule, is a volume in which the author attempts to show that the spirit of the Inquisition is not that of the Middle Ages, but of the Roman Catholic Church itself. It exists and acts now throughout Christendom, less repulsively indeed, but not less effectively, than when it paraded its penitents and burnt its victims. With considerable detail the history and methods of this form of church discipline in Spain, Portugal and Italy are given—not, indeed, in the scholarly spirit of Mr. Lea, but for popular and polemic effect. The literary merit of the work is not notably great. There is a preface but no index. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)

THE ONE HUNDREDTH anniversary of the death of John Wesley, celebrated this year all over the world, has called forth a considerable body of biographical literature. In the series of English Leaders of Religion, edited by A. M. M. Stedman, M.A., the biography of Wesley has been written by J. N. Overton, M.A. The volume, which contains a portrait and index, is a compact summary of the principal events and works of the indefatigable founder of Methodism. The life at Epworth and Oxford is pleasantly sketched. In treating of Georgia, the author is in touch with American interests, but wastes no local color, probably having none to spare. He is more at home in treating of the powerful Moravian influence upon Wesley, as well as in setting him forth as teacher, itinerant and organizer. He considers Wesley's friends and opponents, his literary work, his personal traits and his wonderful and bountiful old age. While he is an admirer and eulogist of the great preacher and organizer, he is not offensively or uncritically so, and the work may be recommended as a sober, informing and accurate piece of biography. While it does not kindle one's zeal, or tempt one to be proselyted into Methodism, and is unlikely to beget close imitators of the exemplar herein set forth, it is a respectable specimen of good contract-work and a capital reference-book. (London: Methuen & Co.)

THE PEN OF the author of 'Ecce Cœlum' and 'Pater Mundi' has not lost its cunning, and again he has set it at work on a pleasing theme. 'Aleph, the Chaldean; or, The Messiah as Seen from Alexandria' is another attempt to reproduce the environment of the life of Christ, and to set forth the accessories of the Messiah's acts. The background of the Jewish dispersion is skilfully depicted, the life of the Jews in Egypt well described, and the thoughts of the Greeks in Alexandria clearly analyzed, and the acts of the Romans, lords of them all, admirably narrated. The author takes us into the marts of trade, the synagogue, the custom house, and the university. We look upon the magician's black art, watch the fight in the arena, see the wonder-working of the Christ, hear the discussions concerning the risen Lord, follow the accused Christian into the basilica, and enjoy travel on land and seas with men of books and thought. The author departs from the usual tradition that women in the time of Christ took little part in outdoor or social life with men, or in the intellectual and political movements of the day, and shows us what closely resemble American women of the nineteenth century. The marriage of Hebrew men with Gentile women gives also a breadth and freedom to his imaginative production. The book is an old story freshly told from a new point of view, and is interesting if not fascinating. While it is a work of learning rather than of creative or kindling imagination, it is of sterling value to all who wish to study carefully the framework of a matchless picture. The author is the Rev. Dr. E. F. Burr. (\$1.75. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham.)

IN THE WELL-SUSTAINED literary enterprise of the Expositor's Bible, the general epistles of St. James and St. Jude have been assigned to the Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D., Master of University College, Durham. From this eminent expositor's record as a preacher, Biblical scholar and writer, one expects to find a first-class specimen of the homiletic art, and an examination of the work before us shows Dr. Plummer at his best. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—NOW THAT 'the historic Episcopate' is a much discussed subject, and of interest to other than the non-liturgical sects in the Holy Catholic Church, 'A Sketch-Book of the American Episcopate,' by the Rev. Hermon Griswold Batterson, D.D., has a timely interest. It is the third and enlarged edition of a most carefully wrought essay, showing the legal and political foundation of the Episcopate in Scotland, whence Dr. Samuel Seabury, the

first American Bishop, received his consecration. The legal papers relative to the consecration of Bishops White and Provost are also given. Then follow brief biographical sketches of the 156 American bishops thus far consecrated, appendixes concerning the Church in Hayti and Mexico, and other interesting information. There is a portrait of Bishop Williams and an index. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

PROF. JOHN F. GENUNG, who showed in his study of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' a delicate appreciation and literary touch, has written a study of the anonymous poem entitled the Book of Job. He has made an original translation from the Hebrew, and accompanied his rhythmic version with rich, luminous and appropriate notes. His introductory study of over one hundred pages is an essay showing close study of the poem in its ancient form, with strong powers of both analysis and synthesis. This would, we think, have been better cast in the form of chapters, but as it stands it is an inviting portico to a grand temple. Mr. Genung was and is a loving and reverent pupil of the late Tayler Lewis, the one layman who served on the American Bible Revision Committee, and the evidences of indebtedness to his master are patent in many places. Being an independent student, however, this fact is entirely to his credit. His dedication is to Tayler Lewis and Franz Delitzsch. As we enter again by a new approach this superb temple of Hebrew thought, we are impressed with the mighty attractiveness of the old or 'authorized' version in verses and spots, and with its manifest inferiority and utterly unsatisfying form as a whole. We at once turn to the classic passages of Job, unmatched in eloquence and beauty anywhere in the world of literature, and find them exquisitely reset by the latest translator, and are impressed with the unity which he has given to the poem. He has well-named it 'The Epic of the Inner Life'; and in his presentation of it, this drama of the spirit, or dramatized parable, shows grandly its unity and perfection as a work of art. This sympathetic study of Prof. Genung's will help to stimulate the increasing literary study of the Bible. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

#### Recent Fiction

IT IS A PITY that the first of the tales in 'The Uncle of an Angel, and Other Stories,' by Thomas C. Janvier, should not show the author to better advantage—should not show him at his best. When he says that a woman 'for several years preceding her departure for another and a better world had suffered her maternal prerogatives to remain entirely in abeyance,' or speaks of the 'personal misery incident to the alimentary exigencies of railway transportation,' we fancy we have picked up a daily paper and are reading a 'special' by a green reporter. Even Thackeray's warmest admirers admit that he sometimes used punning proper names too freely; but Jeames Yellowplush and Captain Deuceace have a humorous or satirical meaning, whereas when we find an elderly Philadelphian called Hutchinson Port, we can only wonder that the heroine is not christened Juno Madeira. One of the greatest charms of that delightful entertainment, a puppet show, is the conviction and earnestness of the performers. Punch's stick whacks hard on Judy's dodging head, and he in turn squeaks like a trapped rabbit when the Devil appears; while there is nothing in life half so gloomy as the fixed scowl of the villain in a troupe of Italian marionettes; but once let the showman's huge hand intrude between the scenes, and the charm and the fun are all over. The moral of this is, as the Duchess says in 'Alice,' that Mr. Janvier lets us see the showman's hand too much. When he is supposed to be dealing with real men and women he does not seem to take himself or them seriously, so why should we? This applies especially to the first two stories of the seven, which are followed by two that remind one, not always happily, of Mr. Stockton's most excellent fooling; while the two last, 'A Romance of Tompkins Square' and 'An Idyl of the East Side' are much the best in the book, being studies of life in that great German quarter which goes to make New York one of the most interesting cities in the world. (Harper & Bros.)

IN 'COLUMBIA: A Story of the Discovery of America,' by John R. Musick, an attempt has been made to enhance the interest attaching to the well-known facts of the great discovery by interweaving with them a romance of youthful love and filial affection. The plan of the story is not without merit, and the author has taken pains to familiarize himself with the history and manners of the period to which the narrative belongs. His literary talent is unfortunately not adequate to the work which he has planned. His style is uneven, now stilted and stagey, now descending to the humblest commonplace. There are occasional lapses in grammar, rather surprising in a writer who has evidently read many books. The incidents are highly wrought. In place of the one regular villain of fiction, there are no less than three miscreants of the

most ultra-theatrical atrocity—a treacherous uncle, a truculent Moor, and a murderous sailor,—all of whom beset with crafty machinations the boy-hero and his patron and protector, Columbus, by whose united efforts and invincible virtue and valor they are all finally discomfited and brought to grief. It should be added, in justice, that the history of the famous 'first voyage,' and of the events which preceded and followed it, is embodied in the narrative with sufficient accuracy and with considerable spirit. The tone of sentiment is unexceptionable. For youthful readers, to whom literary excellence is of slight consequence in comparison with exciting adventures and the confusion of villains, the book will doubtless have an interest, as well as a certain real historical value. (Worthington Co.)

IN HER LATEST novel, 'In the Heart of the Storm,' Maxwell Grey shows somewhat of the power displayed in 'The Silence of Dean Maitland.' She has, however, chosen for her climax of suffering a state of affairs entirely futile. The situation with which the story deals is this: The heroine, a young girl, meets and loves a man already engaged to be married to a woman of his father's choice. To place herself beyond the temptations thus arising, the heroine flees to London, where want and anguish so undermine her frail strength that she dies soon after her lover, released from his prior engagement, has found and married her. A tragedy such as this is necessarily inartistic, because it lacks the element of the inevitable. True tragedy does not permit our legitimate sympathy with the hero to be distracted by a sense of irritation toward the author for the infliction of unnecessary pain. Extreme instances of this false quality are roughly defined as bathos. In some cases, however, the tragic germ is so overlaid by incidental beauties, or so concealed by the progress of dramatic action, that a vague sense of dissatisfaction with the tragic crisis is the only indication of its spurious character. The swelling in the throat so consciously begrimed to the necrology of the last act of 'The Blot in the Scutcheon' is not wholly for sorrow at such unhappiness as followed Mildred's ill-timed imprudence: it is due in part to resentment at the infliction of so much author-made misery. In the 'Spanish Gypsy,' Fedalma's sublime self-abnegation, involving as it did the wreck of two beautiful natures, is accepted by the reader, though with heavy heart, because being what she was both by race and individuality, Fedalma could not have done otherwise than as she did. Apart from this cardinal defect, 'In the Heart of the Storm,' though dull as a story, is executed with a skill especially noticeable in the delineation of the sensitive mind of the heroine. (D. Appleton & Co. Also, John W. Lovell.)

IT IS BAD ENOUGH for a young man and a young woman, previously unmet, to be thrown together for eighteen hours in a second-class railway-carriage by the caving-in of a tunnel; and this condition of affairs is not materially mended by the presence of a 'great banded snake.' To be sure the people outside, with prompt ingenuity, pumped in air through the pipes which traversed the tunnel, and eventually, through the same conduits, supplied the human prisoners with brandy and water. Had the accession of the liquor preceded the mention of the snake, that significant apparition might be accounted for upon principles not unknown to popular pathology; as the matter stands, the trio must be taken as allegorical, for in less than three days the party of the first part and the party of the second part were as deep in pure Edenic bliss as were our first parents in the garden. From this point on to the climax, where the judge on the bench confesses the murder of which the prisoner at the bar has been convicted, 'What's Bred in the Bone' is a crescendo of what Mr. Boffin aptly termed 'staggerers in print.' Thus, for example, the effect produced upon the young lady aforesaid by the memory of the snake and the first dawning of love was an irresistible tendency to terpsichorean exercise, which came on very much like that of the hero in the classic song known to our forefathers as 'The Cork Leg.' Save that in the present case the imagination is stimulated and the effect heightened by what might be called a black-fur-boa accompaniment. To be sure this trifling eccentricity is satisfactorily accounted for by the author upon the hypothesis of heredity, the heroine's female forebears having, from time immemorial, fallen to dancing at the sight of a snake or the first awakening of love. Assuming the existence of this family trait, it is not unreasonable that the present member should have succumbed to such a regular knock-down of influences. Such is the heroine. But Mr. Grant Allen—for it is to him that the public is indebted for this charming character—does not intend that the male freak of his story shall be outshone by her. Therefore unto him a twin brother is created, between whom and the hero there exists a sympathy so complete and sensitive that if one but bite on a plum-pit, the other shares the aching in the tooth; or, as the saying is, if 'one takes snuff the other sneezes'; and (here is subtlety for

you!) if one chances to love a maiden, the other loves her too. Thus much of plot and situation we have given as a sort of curtain-raiser. When we have further added that to this story was awarded the \$5000 prize offered by London *Tit-bits*, and that the history of the snake-dancer and her Siamese-twin lover may be purchased for the small sum of twenty-five cents, we shall have discharged our duty to *Tit-bits*, to Mr. Allen, to the gentle reader and to the American publisher, Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston.

THE PRESENT 'rage' for collections of short stories has the disadvantage that unless the reader has been in the hands of the few real masters of the art, he feels after a while as if he had lived for a week on scraps—with disastrous results to his digestion. 'Maid Marian, and Other Stories,' by Molly Elliot Seawell, is a case in point, for we have seldom come across an author with such a catholic and omnivorous ambition and such a power of literary assimilation—to put it mildly, as befits us when dealing with a lady. Out of the ten stories, four are in the dialect of literary Virginia, recalling Mr. Page; one is a study of London society, modelled after those of Mr. James; another is an attempt at a drama in a few pages, following a line which Mr. Hibbard may be said to have made his own; while yet another is an English sea tale, somewhat in the manner of Charles Reade. Taken separately they are up to the average of magazine stories, their chief defect being that each reminds you of something better in its own style. We should think they would give pleasure to people who like to read translations. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

'TALES OF TWO COUNTRIES,' by Alexander Kielland, are translated from the Norwegian by Mr. William Archer, with a preface by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, in which, after dismissing the present volume in a few sentences, fifteen pages are given to other tales and novels by the same author; the preface ending with the assurance that he occupies a conspicuous place among those benefactors who are now readjusting the attitude of the thinking part of humanity towards the problems of the universe. We are quite willing to take Mr. Boyesen's word as to Kielland's fitness for this considerable task, but we fail to see the connection between the sack of his preface and the morsel of bread offered us in the pages that follow it. The best of the short stories, such as 'The Peat Moor,' where an old raven moralizes upon his past life, have the merit of reminding the reader strongly of Hans Andersen; and the sketches of society in the Norwegian middle classes must be true because they are so dull; but the 'novelettes,' as Mr. Boyesen calls them, which deal with some of the problems now being solved by the author, are about as much like their French prototypes as are the fashions of Bergen or Christiania like those of Paris. Mr. Boyesen says that the original had 'a lightness of touch, a perspicacity, an epigrammatic sparkle and occasional flashes of wit,' which, as he adds rather cruelly, 'seemed altogether un-Norwegian.' It is our loss that in the translation only that which is usually Norwegian remains, and we are forced to reflect that among the unadjusted problems of the universe we must always class that of keeping the sparkle in decanted champagne. (Harper & Bros.)

THE AUTHORIZED EDITION of 'The World, the Flesh and the Devil,' by Miss M. E. Braddon, appears in Lovell's International Series. Of actors it is said that while some excel in their entrances, the exits of others are of surpassing worth. As an illustration of the art of gracefully retiring a hero, we commend Miss Braddon's treatment of Justin Jermyn, who to our way of thinking was a bold, bad man. 'He laughed his gnomish laugh, took up his hat in one hand and waved the other [hand, not hat] to the lawyer, with the lightest gesture of adieu and so vanished, joyous and tranquil to the last—a man without conscience and without passions.' The considerable sale of Miss Braddon's novels on both sides the Atlantic demonstrates the corollary to Beecher's mot on the theatre—namely, that all the arguments are in its favor, and all experience against it. The present work will doubtless find readers, or be found of them; yet there be some who, rather than read 'The World, the Flesh and the Devil,' would leave the first, mortify the second, and hasten to the third. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)—'NOUGHTS AND CROSSES' is the arresting title of a collection of short things by Q. If, as we surmise, the 'Noughts' are the bad and the 'Crosses' the good, the crosses have it by a large majority. About the sub-title there is no such ambiguity: 'Stories, studies and sketches, by Q.' tells just what is contained in the little volume, wherein the clever author of that clever skit, 'The Astonishing History of Troy Town,' neither discovers nor conceals himself. The closing tale has this *envoi*:—'There are, in this world, certain men who create. The children of such are poems, and the half of their soul is female. For it is written that without woman no new thing shall come into the world.' This tale

throughout reminds one of Hans Andersen who, however, would have suggested rather than have propounded this thought. (50 cts. Cassell Pub. Co.)—MRS. J. H. RIDDELL's latest story is called 'My First Love and My Last Love,' to which we would suggest as a sub-title 'Which her Name it was Rose.' It was all owing to an intercepted letter that at the end of 142 pages 'My first love passed away from my sight—the wife of another.' It requires 123 pages more to show us, in the death of Rose, the last of his first love; for Rose it was, first, last and all the time, to whom the title of the book refers. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)

GEORGE MACDONALD had ever a liking for an ingenious plot, and upon the details of that of his latest novel, 'There and Back,' he has spent no little labor. The tale concerns the inheritance of a baronetcy. Sir Wilton Lestrangle, a man of vicious nature and vile habits, marries a woman beneath him in station, who dies in giving birth to a son. This son, who is peculiarly marked, being web-footed and web-fingered, is sent out of his sight and supposed to be dead. Sir Wilton marries again, and has other sons, and in due time gets to hate his wife cordially and wish to wreak vengeance on her. Thereupon he hunts up this first son, whom he knew by the strawberry-marks aforesaid, and after sending him to Oxford to be educated as a gentleman makes a will in his favor, dispossessing his present wife's eldest son. Sir Wilton dies, and all this comes to pass in due time, and Richard Lestrangle enters into his kingdom even to the point of getting the girl who had been designed for his step-brother. The reader will not, however, think his good fortune ill-deserved. As to the title of the book, it is only by reading on to the end that the reader will discover its significance, and that pleasure we will not destroy by premature disclosure of what Dr. MacDonald has taken 634 pages to unfold. (D. Lothrop Co.)

'JUSTIFIED' is a novel by John M. Ellicott, U.S.N., whose title-page assures us that it is 'a powerful realistic novel of the day.' Despite this assurance the story seems to be constructed very much upon the lines of the Bowery drama, each chapter closing with a distinct eye to stage effect. Thus Chap. I.:—'Bainbridge found himself alone with the gypsy girl.' (Curtain.) Chap. II.:—'Remember a gypsy princess always keeps her word.' (Tableau.) Chap. III.:—'Miriam awoke with a start, and found her pillow wet with tears.' (Orchestra pianissimo.) Chap. XVII.:—'If I meet her and she loathes me, I shall become either a maniac—or a devil.' (Bouquet from the manager.) Chap. XXXVI.:—'They sank beneath the seething waters. Then darkness and tempestuous nature reigned supreme.' (Fiddle solo, 'Down Went McGinty.') Final chapter:—'Drawing her close to him, "Let us make our lives worthy of her sacrifice!"' (Lime-light.) Amid the manifold hardships of a naval life, one of the compensating features is the leisure afforded for literary composition. (50 cts. Minerva Pub. Co.)—'CHATTANOOGA,' by F. A. Mitchell, late U. S. A., sufficiently describes itself as 'A Romance of the American Civil War.' Devoid of the pomp and circumstance by which the professional novelists so often conceal their lack of real material, this little story has about it an agreeable air of sincerity. In lieu of plot we have a succession of incidents, and instead of delineation of character we are treated to dialect and local color. The author wins for his own personality our esteem alike by his modesty and a certain manliness of tone. As a literary production the story shows a deficient sense of proportion—a defect commonly visible when human character and conduct are portrayed by a 'prentice hand. (50 cts. American News Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

THE present renewed interest in theories of education will lead many to read Mr. C. J. Hamilton's article on that Father Damien of the eighteenth century, Pestalozzi, in *Macmillan's* for September. Pestalozzi, we are told, was a 'very ugly little man with bristling hair, his face scarred with small-pox and covered with freckles.' He wore an 'untidy beard, no neck-tie, ill-fitting trousers, stockings down'—like Napoleon,—and enormous shoes.' His account of himself was that he had 'lived like a beggar to teach beggars to live like men.' Mr. Arthur Montefiore gives a glowing account of 'Fruit-Growing in Florida'; and an anonymous writer one, even more seductive, of the 'Humours of Baccarat,' founded, he says, on fifteen years' experience of the so-called Parisian clubs. Baccarat, as an agent of demoralization, may be amusing, but is not to be despised, if we take the writer's statements as to the prevalence of cheating for gospel truth. W. F. Stockley reports 'A Sermon in Rouen' on the subject of religious education; and W. P. J. scouts the idea that every writer should write a great work, holding that even Milton might have done better to leave the 'Paradise Lost' unwritten, and that the clamour for

great works has ruined the lives of many men like Amiel, who might have done very well if they had been content with doing little things.

'The Russo-Jewish Immigrant' is illustrated at work, at school and at home, by Miss Ellen Gertrude Cohen, in *The English Illustrated* for September. The pictures of 'A Sweater's Workshop' and of 'A Rabbi Teaching Children' are full of character. Emmanuel Hospital, Westminster, is illustrated by Philip Norman and described by Robert Hunter. 'Turkish Girlhood,' by 'Fatima,' has pretty pictures of school-girls; a young lady at home, cuddled up on a sofa; a pair of well-fed 'Gypsy Fortune-Tellers'; a picnic; a girl of the wealthy class with transparent face-veil; a Druse girl with her towering head-dress; and an Arab domestic in voluminous trousers of rayed muslin. Chiswick, famous for Hogarth's tomb and house, is illustrated and described and has its history recounted; as much is done for the Queen's private gardens at Osborne; there is a story, 'Two Jealousies,' by Allan Adair; the 'Witch of Prague' is ended; and the number opens with 'A Song of the Year,' by Lewis Morris.

#### The Lounger

A FRIEND WHO has recently gone from New York to Chicago to make his home sends me this note:—"Thus far into the bowels of the land" we two tenderfeet have penetrated, and up to this writing we have escaped the grizzlies and the bad Indians, nor have I found it necessary to sport a Derringer and a cartridge-belt. We have established friendly relations with the natives without having to resort to cowries or wampum-strings; and as cannibalism seems to have declined, we shall probably not find a hot-watery grave. \* \* \* Niagara—ah, how charmed I was with that lovely spot! For *lovely* is the proper word—not awful, magnificent, sublime, or any of the other misleading epithets which are so profusely bestowed upon it. People visit the Falls with preconceived ideas, and their descriptions are for the most part subjective, not a genuine record of actual observations. I jotted down my impressions while there, and shall probably expand them into an article by-and-by; at any rate, I don't intend to waste them—even if I had to reduce them to verse!"

HOW MUCH THERE is in a word! A lady sent a poem to a certain magazine and in return received a letter which made her cheeks burn with indignation. What the editor said might be true, but he could have expressed himself with less brutal frankness. In the course of a week, however, she received the following letter which soothed her wounded pride and at the same time gave her much amusement:—'DEAR MADAME:—On August 7th, we wrote you regarding your poem, saying by mistake that we had "so much better on hand." We intended to say that we had "so much *matter* on hand," and could therefore only use it without compensation.'

'I WRITE THIS from a queer country home that I have found for myself on the Isle of Wight,' writes an American friend in England. 'It stands on a point at the southernmost angle of the Island, and one of the southernmost points of England, looking on one side toward the German Ocean, and on the other toward New York—an appropriate dual sort of symbolism! The Undercliff—that peculiar institution of the Isle of Wight—beetles over the house from behind, and, in front, two or three hundred feet below, there is simply water. It is a kind of feudal mansion of stone, and I say so much about it only to tell you the rent—a subject in which I know you are always interested. It is 100/- a year, and includes three or four acres of land, stables, a house of eight or ten rooms, and a bungalow of five, and heaven knows what thickness of English hedge! After this, I expect you to take the next steamer from New York. I look out of the window at Farringford, seventeen miles away; but I do not see Tennyson, even with the most powerful glasses, because he isn't there. The only difficulty about this abode of bliss is that I never have time to be here; but if you come over next summer, you may run down, on which occasion, I shall most certainly be on deck.' England is, *par excellence*, the land of low rents, long leases and lovely lanes and lawns.

I QUOTED LAST WEEK certain *obiter dicta* attributed to the popular Western poet, James Whitcomb Riley. They were clipped, if I recollect rightly, from a recent issue of the *New York Tribune*, and were reproduced, I need hardly say, without any thought of wounding Mr. Riley's feelings. But the criticisms they contained of certain phases of English life and of certain types of American traveler were rather cutting, and when a reporter of the *Indianapolis Journal* questioned him about them, he made haste to repudiate the 'interview' *in toto*. 'I must solemnly depose,' he said,

'that what I am quoted therein as saying is no thought, word or syllable of my utterance'; adding: 'I couldn't say anything but good of either the English or England, or my own country or countrymen.' As to a rumor that Mr. Riley was collaborating with Sir Arthur Sullivan on an operetta, he said to the reporter that if he were, it would be very safe to say that the composer hadn't caught him at it.

What may have given rise to this report is my taking with me a poetic drama which, for a long time, I have been elaborating, rounding and perfecting, as best I could, through conscientious study of the best dramatic masters, stage-forms, methods, etc., etc. This performance, however worthy or unworthy it may prove, will, as originally intended, first appear as a literary venture—a book—drama in verse—and as such is to humbly crave and await the literary verdict.

THE MINNEAPOLIS *Tribune* declares that Senator W. D. Washburn 'declines to become responsible for the remarks credited to him in the Chicago interview—the interview that I referred to last week, in which the gentleman from the West was "credited" with having said that "the Americans, as a rule, who go abroad are a lot of idiots." To the Minneapolis newspaper he speaks very differently.

There is a very large number of the most intelligent, highly educated and cultured people of this country going abroad every year, for rest, health, recreation and general change of scene; and also with the view of studying the institutions and governments of other countries; and many also with the view of extending their scientific and professional acquirements. These people all derive great benefit from going abroad, as it has the effect of widening their vision, broadening their views, and at the same time giving them an opportunity of contrasting the government and civilization of the Old World with our own. All such receive great benefit and return wiser citizens, and without exception better Americans and more enthusiastic with reference to their own country. It was not of these people that I made my remarks, but of the large class who go abroad because they have money, and because it is the thing to do—people who know nothing of their own country, or its institutions, and whose time while abroad is largely taken up by talking loudly and very frequently disparaging their own country, and often conducting themselves as if they ought to apologize for being Americans—snobs and funkeys. These people spend enormous sums of money in various ways, with nothing to show for it.

NO EXCEPTION can be taken to the substance of these remarks; nor to the further statement, quoted from President Williams of the Chemical National Bank, in *The North American Review*, that probably 60,000 Americans have gone abroad this year, and spent, on an average, about \$1000 each, or \$60,000,000 in all, on the other side of the sea. This estimate Senator Washburn considers a very conservative one; and considering how few Americans spend less than \$1000 (including their fares on foreign lines of transatlantic steamers), and how many spend several times that sum, I am inclined to accept this estimate.

TWO OF THE MONIED class of American travellers have just reached home—Cornelius Vanderbilt and Chauncey M. Depew. They arrived last week by the Teutonic, and as usual were taken off on a tug. Coming up the Bay, Mr. Depew treated his home-keeping friends to a running commentary on what he had seen abroad. A part of what he said may be considered too political to find a place in these columns; but the subject is political in so broad a sense, and the question is one of such vital importance to the national life, that I feel no hesitation in quoting Mr. Depew's words, and expressing the hope that they will be laid to heart by all who read them:

Having viewed so often the brilliant side of London's social life, it occurred to me that I would take a view of its dark side. One Sunday morning, in a garb which was a cross between that of a costermonger and a pickpocket, I traversed the Whitechapel district. It was a sight impossible to see anywhere else in the world. The streets were so crowded that it was almost impossible to wedge your way through. Every few feet was some merchant, male or female, selling cast-off clothes or household furniture. I saw rags held up there for sale that nowhere in America would find any place except in the ash-barrel, and the ashman in picking it over would refuse to carry it home. Such poverty, such misery, such wretchedness, such a seething furnace of ignorance, and all that attends upon hopelessness, I never saw before and never expect to see again. I felt that this great city, with its magnificent palaces, with every evidence in part of it of the largest wealth, the greatest luxury, the most liberal expenditures, rested upon a volcano which only needed the force of civilization to bring upon it a catastrophe which would shock the world. Miserable as these people have been always, their misery is a thousand-fold intensified by pauper immigration. Great Britain has established no barrier as we have, and imposed no rules whatever. It is the dumping-ground for all Europe for misery which must starve or go somewhere. It goes to London and competes there with a condition so much better than its own that in the wages it

accepts, in the work it does, it is reducing the British workingmen and women of the great cities to a dangerous point for British peace and prosperity. It is a lesson for us to take to ourselves whether the barriers which we have already should not be increased, and whether notices should not be sent all over the world that 'we have sympathy, we have humanity, but keep your paupers at home.'

WHEN THE Rev. Mr. Barnett, Rector of St. Jude's Church in the Whitechapel district, and one of the founders of Toynbee Hall, was in this country, not long ago, he asked what the people of our 'East side' did on Sunday—whether they read or slept. I told him they generally read, but that the papers they devoured were not calculated to edify them. 'It matters comparatively little about that,' he replied, 'so long as they do read: *our* people simply sleep: they are stupid and hopeless. The corresponding class in New York at least keeps awake. There is life and hope with them, while with our lowest class there is little or none.'

### London Letter

THE 'OFF SEASON' in London is at its height. If it be not permissible to remark that 'there is no London'—and I have not forgotten the earnest protest of a reader of *The Critic*, about this time last year,—yet one may at least be allowed to suggest that the metropolis is resting on its oars as regards literary work, and that neither author nor publisher who knows his business will venture at the present moment to bring before the public any work of importance. In another few weeks we shall be deluged with announcements. October is the busiest month of the year in the London publishing world, and it is easy to see why it should be so. Everybody is coming back to town who *has* to come. Houses are re-opened, families settle down, and ordinary life, as distinct from holiday life, flows on again. The trumpery seaside novelette and illustrated periodicals no longer suffice for leisure hours; and there is a general feeling of relief in turning from these to more soul-satisfying pages.

At present, however, we have to content ourselves with the distant view of the latter; or, on the other hand, we may glance backward at a few of the volumes which have already lain for a few weeks on our library tables. Father Bridgett's 'Life of Sir Thomas More' is an effective and painstaking study of one of the most remarkable characters in English history. It may be remembered that five years ago Sir Thomas More received the beatification which constitutes a sort of minor canonization by Pope Leo XIII., and was advanced from 'Sir' into 'Blessed' Thomas More. But although the noble-minded knight lost his head because he refused to take the oath of supremacy at the bidding of his tyrannical Sovereign, Henry VIII., he was the most tolerant of Papists, and one of the most advanced thinkers among Englishmen of his day. Naturally, therefore, his present biographer hardly does justice to this side of More's character. A priest of the Romish Church fails to appreciate clear insight into the failings of that Church, even though martyrdom was suffered in her cause. When Father Bridgett can leave apologies and explanations alone, however, he can write very pleasingly; and his picture of More's happy home life, of his chivalrous spirit, and sympathetic nature reminds one of that charming idyll, 'The Household of Sir Thomas More,' a book which, with others by the same author, Miss Manning, needs reprinting. Those among us who can recall the pages of 'Cherry and Violet,' 'The Old Chelsea Bun House,' and the 'Colloquies of Edward Osborne,' would, I am sure, gladly add new copies of these most delightful tales to our bookshelves, and distribute them among our children. No books that I have ever met with give a more vivid idea of certain phases and aspects of London life during the last century than do 'Edward Osborne' and 'Cherry and Violet.' They do not rely on a smattering of phraseology and reference to well-known events of the period, for their supposed realization of by-gone days,—we have not 'Belike' and 'Prythee' and 'Go to, thou saucy knave,' on every page,—but we have sharply outlined scenes, and living, breathing men and women, whose human nature, the same in every age, betrays itself at every point, and under every circumstance, amidst conditions differing essentially from those by which we are now surrounded. Readers of the present biography of Sir Thomas More may safely pass on to Miss Manning's simpler narrative, and learn from it something of the charm which hangs over the home of cruel Henry's great Chancellor—learn, also, how that noble heart met its doom, when it dared to brave a tyrant's frown, and stood in a tyrant's path.

'Letters of Keats,' edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, is not perhaps a very remarkable work, and the old plea of its having been put forth in order to supply a want, may well make some of us smile. We are not conscious of having experienced any vacuum caused by the non-appearance of Keats' correspondence hitherto. Nevertheless, we are pleased to meet with the Letters, now that they are

there,—just as we experience a moderate degree of rejoicing when old friends occasionally turn up in life, whom we can very well do without at other times,—and it is certainly true that the one hundred and sixty examples of the poet's prose style now before us exhibit him in every light and every variety of mood, yet but seldom to disadvantage. The admirer of Keats may peruse this unforced yet polished and brilliant correspondence poured out to those he loved, and betraying his whole self indiscriminately, yet find nothing to check enthusiasm or to cool ardor. Mr. Colvin has not thrown aside—as is the practice of biographers—all epistles which exhibit defects of character or of training; he has let much stand which another man would have effaced, or suppressed; and that his hero comes out of such an ordeal unscathed, is in itself a tribute to Keats's memory. The dates of the Letters range from October, 1816, to November, 1820,—three months before the poet's early death: many of them were written from Hampstead, then a mere rustic village, now a crowded, busy borough, proud to number Keats among the illustrious of its former inhabitants.

If new books are scarce, we may still solace ourselves with the old, and here is a rare old book turning up at the right moment in the shape of 'The Mimes of Herondas,' which, to students of human nature, is likely to prove far better worth recovery than the Aristotle which was the last 'find' of the British Museum authorities. 'The Mimes of Herondas' has not, it is true, an alluring sound; but I am told by those who know, that they are not at all learned, and very lively; nay, that they actually present to our astonished eyes pleasant little scenes of the past akin to those our novelists of to-day love to depict. Nothing is known of the author. Even his century and his nationality are uncertain. But I hear that the verses are full of wit, humor, and character drawing; and that we shall learn from their perusal more of the every-day life, the conventions of society, and the familiar, personal, domestic routine of the ancients, than we should from the pages of many a ponderous tome devoted to their discussion. Apropos, Mr. Coventry Patmore says that it is to the novels of the nineteenth century that posterity will turn when they want to know all about us—not to the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, nor to the administration of Lords Palmerston and Beaconsfield.

Mr. Gladstone, by the way, is a great novel reader himself, and a very appreciative novel reader also, thoroughly enjoying a good all-round complication, and getting quite excited over the prospect of disentanglement. But he does not give away frivolous literature, be it observed. The secretary of a village club or reading-room knows better than to expect anything but the most solid and improving diet, when a big parcel arrives from Hawarden Castle. The following, among others of like nature, have been lately received by a grateful reading-room in Chester, namely: 'The Ecclesiastical Endowments of Scotland'; 'Science and the Bible'; 'Christianity is True'; 'Christianized Commerce, Consecrated Wealth'; 'The Disarmament of Nations.' And the subjoined note accompanies the delectable volumes: 'Dear Sir, I send some more books and tracts for Saltney. You will understand that I by no means guarantee the opinions. Each may be of some interest to one person or another. Pray do not take the trouble to acknowledge them. I have also to send sometimes to other reading-rooms, so my periods are rather uncertain. Your faithful and obedient, W. E. Gladstone.' Without wishing to detract from the value of Mr. Gladstone's gift, or to doubt his good intentions, I cannot help wondering what sort of readers must belong to the Saltney reading club if they have hitherto justified their biblio-donor in anticipating that they will among them find 'The Ecclesiastical Endowments of Scotland' and its accompanying volumes interesting reading for their scanty leisure time.

That 'Knowledge is increased' in the present day is testified so persistently, and thrust upon our notice so aggressively, in a thousand ways, that it ought hardly to surprise us to learn that the rush of University Extension students to Oxford during the Long Vacation surpasses this year that of any previous year. Over a thousand men and women, some of them no longer young, many poor, and most belonging to the humbler walks of life, have taken possession of the University, and have been hungrily and thirstily absorbing knowledge during the past few weeks. Chemistry and geology in August! It makes one hot and cold to think of it! One cannot help, moreover, contrasting the avidity shewn by a class which does not enjoy many advantages for the acquisition of the higher education with the notorious neglect of opportunities manifested by the average Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate. The new departure, as it must still be called, of throwing open some of the empty colleges at Oxford during a portion of the Long Vacation, has even aroused the ire of Oxonians and Cantabs. It is an infringement of their rights and prerogatives. Popular feeling is on the other side, and the chances are that these great stronghouses of learning will be thrown open yet more fully as time goes on.

As for the Congress of Orientalists who are now busy holding meetings in the Inner Temple Hall, London, they seem to be having an equally brisk time of it. They read—they listen—and they applaud. Dr. Bellew's paper on the 'Ethnology of Afghanistan,' in which he traced a descent of some of the tribes from the ancient Greeks, and imparted information amassed during twenty years' residence on the Afghan frontier, was hearkened to with keen appreciation, and the Orientalists now in conclave appeared to be really refreshed by the sight of the smooth-faced, bashful young gentleman who introduced the lecturer, and who proved to be himself a traveller among Afghan territories. In the course of his modest little speech, Mr. Curzon informed the assemblage that he looked upon Dr. Bellew as the greatest living authority on the subject, and that Afghanistan is not a pleasant spot to pitch your tent in; summing up the situation by saying that the modern adventurer generally enters Afghan dominions with Dr. Bellew's book in one hand and his own life in the other! The sittings of the Congress are being proceeded with, and various excursions are being undertaken to places of interest within easy reach of London. The Orientalists will not, however, wander so far as the village of Lullington, in Sussex, even if they find any attraction in viewing the smallest church in England—which the parish church there has lately been declared to be. Lullington is a quaint little spot, and a story is told of a visitor who attended divine service there one Sunday morning, half a century ago. The preacher was of exceedingly diminutive stature; he took for his text the 35th verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John; the congregation consisted of twelve people; and the offertory amounted to eighteen pence. When all was over, the stranger, while gazing with admiration at the picturesque little edifice from whose porch the 'smocks' of the villagers were issuing, remarked that it was the tiniest church, the shortest parson, the briefest text, the smallest congregation, and the most infinitesimal collection that had ever come within his experience.

Another very minute English church is that of St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Wight; but that, I believe, can accommodate twenty people. A man's top hat fills, however, the entire niche of the little window within the porch, and the effect is as though Gulliver had laid down one of his accoutrements on a Lilliputian resting-place.

L. B. WALFORD.

### Boston Letter

THE graceful compliment which Col. Higginson pays Maria Ellery Mackaye in his introduction to her book, 'The Abbess of Port Royal,' will be read by the public in the course of a fortnight, but it is so neatly worded, and at the same time interesting in its statement, that I cannot forbear quoting from the proof-sheets as they lie before me:—'The present writer recalls with a certain pleasure the fact that one of the most attractive of the papers—that entitled "Provençal Song"—appeared originally, through a misapprehension, with his name attached to it as author; he having been merely the medium of communication between the real writer and the editor of *The Galaxy*. He now regrets that the statement was not correct.' Lee & Shepard are to issue the book. As Col. Higginson further declares, the volume will do much to refute the assertion that woman is absent from the field of thoughtful work and present only in the easy paths of light fiction and poetry. This new book, a collection of French studies, owes its origin to the demand of Harvard and other colleges for the scattered magazine articles from which it is formed.

Another book coming from the same publishing-house is by a Boston lady who has already appeared before the reading public as joint author of the 'Primer of Darwinism.' With her husband, the junior master of the English High School, Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen wrote that book; and now alone she has written a pretty little study-book for children at home, called 'Glimpses at the Plant World.' Lee & Shepard promise also to have on the shelves in a few days Virginia F. Townsend's new book, 'Mostly Marjorie Day,' and expect to put forward the Rev. Dr. Banks's 'White Slaves' before the first of October.

Dr. Banks is an interesting young preacher of Boston. His sermons on the oppression of the worthy poor in large cities attracted much attention last spring, and it was very natural that a publisher should be willing to put the energetic reformer's views into print. A tall, strong-built man, with a genial countenance and a hearty manner, Dr. Banks presents outwardly all the appearance of an enterprising and successful business man. His life, too, has seen more of the adventurous than is usually accorded a peaceful minister of the gospel. Mobbed by the rioters of the West, who regarded him as too vigorous an opponent of their anti-Chinese views, shot at and wounded by liquor-dealers who failed (naturally) to

sympathize with his aims in promoting temperance, he passed a good part of his younger manhood in an energetic and constant battle for his own convictions. He was preaching before he was seventeen in far-off Washington Territory. Then he taught school and took up the practice of law, but before long was again in the pulpit, and is now, at the age of 35, a leader of Methodism. His book treats entirely of those who are poor through no fault of their own; he has no sympathy with the vicious poor. His independence in preparing the work was carried so far that he even took many of the photographs of tenement life with his own camera, that the illustrations might be absolutely accurate in point of fact. One book of his, 'The People's Christ,' has already been published.

The clergyman-author, whose death was noticed in *The Critic* last week, the Rev. Dr. Robert T. S. Lowell, was associated more with other cities than with Boston, but there is one interesting memorial of him in this city. In front of the old West Church stands a handsome oak-tree sprung from an acorn which Dr. Lowell planted thirty-eight years ago. It was always a pleasure for Dr. Lowell to recall this fact, especially as the acorn itself came from Elmwood and so served to unite more closely his home and his church. The church, as it now stands, was built in the first year of the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell's pastorate (1806) and remained under his charge until his death in 1861; then the Rev. Dr. Bartol, the last of the noted pastors of West Church, and the junior pastor since 1837, assumed the care of the society. To-day the historic church is a land-mark of Boston, but unfortunately Dr. Bartol is no longer able to preach; the old society has dwindled away, and the church building is waiting another use from that to which it was so long devoted.

The sole surviving member of the poet's generation of the Lowell family is the sister of James Russell Lowell and Robert T. S. Lowell. On the third of December Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam will celebrate her eighty-first birthday, and though the younger generation knows little of her skill as a linguist or of her ability as a writer, the older generation has not forgotten her work. A gray-haired gentleman, whose looks belie his age though his recollections give evidence of his years, spoke to me a day or two ago on that very subject, and quoted, as among the books which he remembered reading, 'The Records of an Obscure Man,' published thirty years ago anonymously but known by friends even then to be the work of Mrs. Putnam. She wrote two dramatic poems also, 'The Tragedy of Errors' and 'The Tragedy of Success,' and was the first to translate into English Frederika Bremer's novel, 'The Neighbors.' With Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, the daughter of Dr. Peabody and the sister of Mrs. Horace Mann, Mrs. Putnam was the author of a history of the Constitution of Hungary, Miss Peabody writing of the 'Crimes of the Houses of Austria against Mankind.' Married at the age of twenty-one to Mr. Samuel R. Putnam, she became in that way connected with the Peabodys of Salem, the Lorings, the Walcotts, the Lymans, the Bradlees, and the Crownshields. Since 1832 her home has been in Boston, and of late years in Beacon Street, in the very heart of fashionable old Boston.

BOSTON, September 22, 1891. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Richard Mansfield as Nero

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD is a very clever actor, who has been upon the stage so long as to have become a familiar figure to the American play-going public. He is so well-known, indeed, that any new departure he takes is sure to command attention. Unfortunately for him it is equally certain to command, in certain quarters, unqualified approval. It is a foregone conclusion, when he appears in a new rôle, however little it may be suited to his personality or powers, that a clamor of commendation will be raised by a group of ill-advised but influential admirers. This would be a misfortune for theatre-goers as well as for the player himself, were it not that the public has fallen into the habit of judging for itself, to some extent, in matters theatrical; as it is, Mr. Mansfield is the sole sufferer. He is encouraged to appear and persevere in characters for which he is unfitted, and taught to regard with contempt the criticisms of those who have at heart only the interests of the drama. If he were not an actor of ability, this would be a matter of no concern to press or public; but his ability is so marked, his industry so untiring, his ambition so high and honorable, that all who are interested in the American stage must be solicitous for his success.

In the character of Nero, in the play of that name written three years ago by Mr. T. Russell Sullivan of Boston, and newly brought out at the Garden Theatre this week, Mr. Mansfield has found a part that suits him to perfection. His impersonation of the debauched, vainglorious young Emperor, who confesses that

there is no pleasure of the senses which he has not enjoyed, and who looks forward to forty years more of physical indulgence, is thoroughly artistic. He looks every inch the king he personates, in feature, form and bearing. Gross as his countenance declares his tastes to be, unmanned as he has been by his indulgences, he is never so unmindful of his imperial dignity as to allow foe or favorite to forget it. If not a man, he is at least an emperor. It may easily be admitted that a greater actor might find more in the part than Mr. Mansfield has discovered in it; but it is equally true that in witnessing his performance, one feels that this is the Nero of legend and history—not the Nero in whom an Italian archaeologist has recently discovered all the characteristics of a wise and benevolent ruler! One of the finer touches in his embodiment of the character appears when, after his fall, his discarded but devoted favorite Actæa kills herself to show him how easy it is to die. Untouched by her sacrifice, thinking only of his own impending doom, the wretched egotist, roughly shaking her dead body, cries out, 'Is there no pain?—is there no pain?' And when the dripping dagger is handed to him, he shrinks from it, not only because he dreads to die, but because his voluptuous nature, which never revolted at the shedding of blood, still loathes the touch of anything so soiled.

The play itself, adapted from Italian dramas by Cossa and Gazzalotti, after a careful study of the histories of Tacitus and Suetonius, is excellently written, and well constructed, and introduces, in Acte, a part that calls for considerable power. This is very creditably played by Miss Beatrice Cameron, who appeals to the spectator's eye and ear no less agreeably than to his intelligence. The cast as a whole is satisfactory; and the scenery and costumes set a standard for other American managers which we should be very glad to have them adopt. Even as a spectacle, 'Nero' is well worth seeing.

### Bill Nye's "Cadi"

'THE CADÍ,' the so-called 'comedy' by Bill Nye, which was produced at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night, has been accurately described by the critic of a morning paper as 'three of Mr. Nye's Sunday articles strung together and recited in costume by Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke.' To one who expected to see what is usually implied by the word play, the piece seemed as indeterminate as the 'other shape' in 'Paradise Lost':—

The other shape,  
If shape it might be called, that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
For each seemed either.

Its resemblance to the apparition ceased, however, with its shapelessness: the 'comedy' was very far from being 'fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.' It was a very gentle and genial affair, indeed; for while, as we have said, one could not, in strictness, apply to it the word play, word-play was the chief thing in it. The scene of the first two acts was laid at Owl Creek, in the State of Wyoming; that of the third in a New York drawing-room. The parts were, with one exception, very simple ones, devised with an eye single to drawing out the protagonist of the play—'The Cadi,' an editor, postmaster and justice of the peace. This character was drawn—so Mr. Nye informed the audience after the curtain had gone down for the third and last time—from an actual dweller in a remote western town, he himself having been at once the writer of the part and its original. This being the case, Mr. Seabrooke had not scrupled to get himself up for Bill Nye, the result being no more of a caricature than the pen-and-ink sketches that accompany the author's weekly *feuilleton* in the Sunday papers. And the lines that fell to his lot in the dialogue were recited in very close imitation of the well-known accents of the creator of the part. The minor rôles were well enough acted; and if Mr. Seabrooke would put a little more spirit into his clever impersonation of the amusing character of 'The Cadi,' the piece might 'go,' despite the fact that it is not a play.

### Lowelliana

While 'Argus' has been trying to find the source from which he suspects Mr. Lowell of having 'unconsciously appropriated' the 'beautiful, apt and original image,' 'the roaring loom of time,' we ourselves have been hunting for the phrase in Lowell's own writings. The London *Times*, which called attention to the image, did so in the following sentence:—'The speech on Henry Fielding, the speech in which he compared the sound of London to "the roaring loom of time," the address on Democracy—to mention but a few—will not be easily forgotten.' We find in the address on Democracy this passage:—

The framers of the American Constitution \* \* \* were not se-

duced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating.

We have looked twice through the Fielding address without finding a recurrence of the image in question; and it seems to us that it is more felicitously used in the passage just quoted than it would have been if applied to 'the sound of London'—or even of Manchester. The phraseology of the *Times* is somewhat ambiguous, but seems to imply some other essay than the Democracy or the Fielding, in which the phrase is employed.

W. H. F. of this city writes to ask if the phrase may not have been suggested by this couplet of the Erd Geist in 'Faust':—

So schaff ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,  
Und wirkte der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

'I am not a German scholar,' he pleads, 'but the translation, I believe, is :—

So do I create on the roaring loom of Time,  
And work the living garment of the Deity.'

C. E. H., also of this city, writes:—"I think it first occurred in Goethe's "Faust," where the Earth-Spirit exclaims:—

In Being's floods, in Action's storm  
I walk and work above, beneath,  
Work and weave in endless motion!  
Birth and Death  
An infinite ocean;  
A seizing and giving  
The fire of living:—

'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the garment thou seest him by—

'This quotation occurs in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," Chap. VIII., and Carlyle, in others of his writings, makes mention of "the roaring loom of Time."

W. S. K. and M. E. C. H., both of Boston, and D. O. K. of Vineland, N. J., refer to 'Faust' as the source of the quotation.

While looking for the loom of time, we happened to glance at another speech than the 'Fielding' and the 'Democracy'—the address at the unveiling of a bust of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Lowell cites as one of the most memorable 'bits' of the author of 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner'—an instance of 'perfection of expression'—the lines

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,  
At one stride comes the dark,  
With far-heard whisper through the dark  
Off shot the spectre barque.

It seemed to us that the phrase italicised could not be a correct quotation; and on consulting a volume of Coleridge we found that the stanza runs thus:—

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre bark.

Apart from the words italicised, there are differences here of spelling ('bark'), capitalization ('Sun') and punctuation—all tending to show that Mr. Lowell's memory, at least for little things, was in 1885 becoming as imperfect as in this very address he declared it to be.

The following poem was written by Mr. Lowell in 1870, for the wife of Prof. William McD. Halsey:—

You ask me to undrape my mind  
Of all its wrappings shy,  
And offer to the common wind  
A shivering little I;  
  
Forgive me, I would keep withdrawn  
My secret, ill or good:—  
Yet this concealment, like thin lawn,  
Betrays our truer mood.

ITHACA, 30th May, 1870.

J. R. L.

We take the following from the Boston *Transcript*:—Mr. Lowell had a horror of dead-heading, as appears from the little note he wrote to Mrs. Caroline Hall Washburn upon her sending him a couple of complimentary tickets to a parlor entertainment, at which his presence would have been nothing short of a boon and a boom. There is a ray of the true gem in the delicacy and wit of every little memento of the poet-diplomat that comes to light, such as this:—

68 BRACON STREET, January 4, 1889.

DEAR MRS. WASHBURN:—I shall hope to obey your orders on Monday, and shall, if not hindered by some *force majeure*.

I have sold one of the tickets you kindly left with me, and shall expect to pay for the other. As my wits approach nearer and nearer to extinction, I am, not unnaturally, more jealous of being 'dead-headed.' I conceive a personal application in it. Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

'A more important question than the longevity of Lowell's fame, or the comparative values of his work in poetry and criticism,' observes *The Andover Review*, 'is whether or not his work, while he was living, was a vital force, permeating, shaping, enlightening, elevating, and enriching the public mind and heart of his own day and generation. Unquestionably, he directly aimed at exerting a beneficent influence upon life its individual, social, and political aspects; unquestionably he achieved his purpose. No better evidence can be furnished of the positive effect he produced, not only upon the ablest men amongst his own countrymen, but also in no inconsiderable degree upon the leaders of opinion in English letters and politics, than the impressive and glowing tributes to his life and writings paid by the highest authorities on both sides of the Atlantic. This sincere admiration was expressed long years before his death called out the recent eulogiums upon his genius.'

#### BRET HARTE'S 'FEW WORDS ON MR. LOWELL'

[From an article in *The New Review*]

IT HAS always seemed to me that his early success as well as his strength lay in his keen instinctive insight into the personal character of the New Englander. He had by no means created the 'Yankee' in literature; neither had he been the first to use the Yankee dialect. Judge Haliburton, a writer of more unqualified English blood, had already drawn 'Sam Slick,' but it was the Yankee regarded from the 'outside'—as he was wont to aggressively present himself to the neighboring 'Blue Noses'—and although the picture was not without occasional graceful and poetic touches, the poetry and grace was felt to be Judge Haliburton's rather than Sam Slick's. It may interest the curious reader to compare the pretty prose fancy of Sam Slick's dream with the genuine ring of 'Hosea Biglow's Courting.' Dr. Judd's 'Margaret'—a novel, I fear, unknown to most Englishmen—was already a New England classic when Hosea Biglow was born. It was a dialect romance—so provincial as to be almost unintelligible to even the average American reader; but while it was painted with a coarse Flemish fidelity, its melodrama was conventional and imported. It remained for Mr. Lowell alone to discover and portray the real Yankee—that wonderful evolution of the English Puritan, who had shaken off the forms and superstitions, the bigotry and intolerance of religion, but never the deep consciousness of God.

#### MR. GOSSE'S CRITICISM

MR. EDMUND GOSSE made this criticism of Mr. Lowell, in *The St. James's Gazette* published on the day of the poet's death:—

'When we ask ourselves what we have lost in Mr. Lowell—or rather, in happier and truer phrase, what we have gained permanently in spite of our present loss—we seem to answer, No one special book, whether of prose or verse; but an influence working sturdily and persistently in the direction of all that is most pure, most elevated, and most enthusiastic in the literary life. Few men have devoted their career to books with so little loss of manhood and citizenship as he. His tastes were distinguished; but they were wholesome and reasonable. He loved literature with passion; but he loved it wisely. As a poet, as an essayist, as a humorist, as a lecturer, as a critic, he was always in favor of what was sane. He was preserved from littleness and exaggeration by that saving grace of humor. He could even let himself go on an intellectual impulse, and swing back into perfect reasonableness on a quip or a fantastic phrase. He combined, and to a very rare degree, the broad view of the scholar-gentleman—which in less accomplished hands is thin—with the exactitude of the specialist—which in pedantic treatment is sterile and narrow. He despised the bitterness of the mere literary expert; and perhaps it will be found that his worst mistakes as a critic have been made when he hastily mistook the man of science for a dryasdust, and persuaded himself to smite him. Among Mr. Lowell's essays none is more unlucky than that on Chaucer when it attempts to crush the genuine learning of Prof. Skeat, none more charming when it illuminates the warm genius of the poet by the light of a nature almost as sweet and as serene as his. In some respects the most academic man-of-letters whom America has produced, and recognized in that capacity by the universities of Europe, Mr. Lowell represented the older forms of learning, and was a little apt to look with contempt on the modern passion for an extreme subdivision of knowledge. He loved truth for its own sake, but he desired that it should have undergone preservation in "Fame's great antiseptic-style," before it was presented to him.'

## Current Criticism

**A FEW WORDS ABOUT BROWNING.**—He was an habitual though a very unmethodical worker—a man who followed his moods and worked at fever heat, but who was unable to bind himself to times and seasons. In early life he was profoundly impressed by Shelley, and to the end he greatly admired him; but, this period of youthful impressionability once passed, Browning seems to have been entirely self-centred. No writer appears to have had any great formative influence upon him; his style was his own, his point of view was individual; his conception of life he had worked out for himself. He grew in many ways, and yet remained substantially the same. In a letter written late in life, he declared that, so far as he was conscious, his style had always been what it was. He could not recall that he had ever attempted to modify it, although he frequently gave great time and attention to verbal criticism for the sake of clearness. He was a thorough-going optimist, believing in the best and hoping for the best. His nature was profoundly religious, and while he refused to give his faith dogmatic expression, he held immovably to his belief in a direct Providence, in the spiritual character of life, and in the evolutionary process by which in the end spirit becomes triumphant over matter. With these faiths, which were instinctive and fundamental with him, his natural buoyancy and the essential healthfulness of his nature were in harmony.—*The Christian Union.*

## Notes

THE first instalment of a story by Mr. Howells, entitled 'The Quality of Mercy,' will appear next month in a syndicate of English and American newspapers. This is the first time, we believe, that Mr. Howells's work has been 'syndicated.'

—Mr. Marion Crawford has nearly completed a new serial for Macmillan's.

—'Healthful Heroines,' by Julien Gordon, will be one of the attractions of Lippincott's for October. The novel of the number will be 'Lady Patty,' by the Duchess.

—A volume of short stories to be published early in October by Longmans, Green & Co., under the title of 'With my Friends: Tales Told in Partnership,' will contain six stories by Brander Matthews, two of which were written in collaboration with H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*; two with Walter Pollock, editor of *The Saturday Review*; one with F. Anstey (Guthrie), and one with G. H. Jessop. There will be a prefatory essay by the chief author on the art and mystery of collaboration, by reference to which it can be determined whether he and his fellow-workers have practised what he preaches.

—Mr. Edgar Wilson Nye ('Bill Nye') will contribute to *The Century* during the coming year a series of articles descriptive of his experiences, in various capacities, in different parts of America. He calls them his 'Autobiographies.' The first one, 'The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace,' will appear in the November number.

—Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, author of the lyric beginning 'The night has a thousand eyes,' has prepared for publication a volume entitled 'A Lost God.'

—Dr. George Macdonald has written a new novel, 'The Flight of a Shadow.'

—Miss Grace King of New Orleans, the Southern story-writer, has been spending a few days with friends in Connecticut. She expects to go abroad in October for a year's residence in Paris, devoting her time to studying art, literature, and history, especially the history of Louisiana. Miss King is writing a Life of D'Iberville for the Makers of America Series.

—Miss Menie Muriel Dowey, the 'Girl in the Karpathians,' was married recently to Henry Norman of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Norman, although an Englishman, is a graduate of Harvard College. He returned to London not long ago from a trip around the world in the interests of the *Gazette*. Whether or not he met Miss Dowey during his wanderings is not stated. The only thing that the public knows is that the marriage was a secret and a civil one, the bride being an agnostic and the groom, if we mistake not, having been a student of divinity with a view to entering the Unitarian pastorate.

—In an article on the overflow of the Colorado River, in the October *Scribner's* ('The New Lake in the Desert'), Major J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey, brings to the subject a thorough knowledge of natural conditions. Among the stories in this number, in addition to Stevenson's 'Wrecker,' are 'Capt. Black,' by Charles E. Carryl (a detective story), and 'Clytie,' by Dr. Ernst Schottky.

—John Hay and Angelina Wray will be the poets of the October Harper's.

—The funeral services over the remains of Dr. George B. Loring at Salem, Mass., last week, were conducted by Dr. Edward Everett Hale and the Rev. E. B. Willson; Dr. Holmes was present, and ex-Secretary of War Endicott was one of the pall-bearers.

—Misses Searle & Gorton, Chicago's women publishers, are bringing out 'Afloat and Ashore,' by Dr. Edward Everett Hale; 'Midshipman Davy,' by Willis J. Abbott; 'Zay,' by Ruth Hay; 'Old Grip the Crow,' by Olive Thorne Miller; 'Pete, and Other Stories,' by Helen and William Starrett; 'Anton and Antoine,' a story of ants, by Rosalie Kaufman; 'Sly and His Neighbors,' by Frances Power Cobbe; 'Mother Goose's Christmas Party,' with songs attached, by Abby Morton Diaz; and 'How the Rose Found the King's Daughter, and Other Stories,' by Maude Menefee.

—The Brooklyn Institute will commemorate on Monday, Nov. 30, the eightieth birthday of Wendell Phillips. An address will be made by Mr. George William Curtis, and the Rev. John W. Chadwick will read a poem.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton announces the Aldine Edition of Laurence Sterne's 'A Sentimental Journey,' illustrated with photogravure plates by S. L. Wood, and printed at the Chiswick Press; 'The Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology,' by Richard Payne Knight, with introduction, etc., by Dr. Alexander Wilder; a limited edition of 'Emma, Lady Hamilton,' by Hilda Gambier, with portraits, facsimiles, etc.; 'Mexican Painting and Painters,' by Robert H. Lamborn, a limited edition on hand-made paper; 'The Story of the Stick in All Ages and Lands,' from the French of Anthony Real (Fernand Michael), with introduction by Wm. Henry Hurlbert and original designs by Capt. Alfred Thompson; and 'The Humorist,' a collection in four volumes of entertaining tales, anecdotes, epigrams, etc., with forty of Cruikshank's illustrations.

—The Department of Agriculture at Washington has been conducting rain-making experiments in western Texas, under the management of Gen. Robert G. Dyrenforth, which have been so successful as to give promise of important results. In the October *North American Review* Gen. Dyrenforth gives the practical details of his operations and the success attending them. In the same number Prof. Simon Newcomb gives the scientific ground upon which the Agricultural Department bases its expectations of success.

—Henry Holt & Co. have just published a new novel by Grant Allen, 'Recalled to Life.' Its plot is said to be 'peculiarly strange and startling'; and as Mr. Allen is the author of 'What's bred in the Bone,' we can well believe it.

—Mr. J. G. Cupples of Boston announces in two volumes a profusely illustrated Life of Paul Revere, by E. H. Goss. The work will appear in two editions, one of them on large paper. The same publisher is about to bring out a limited edition of 'Auld Scots Humor' and 'Auld Scots Ballads,' edited by Robert Ford, a Scottish lecturer.

—Mr. Froude's 'Divorce of Catherine of Aragon' will appear during the autumn from the Scribner press. It is based on recently discovered records, which are said to confirm the historian's former view of the period. A new book by Edward Whymper is on the same firm's list. It describes his 'Travels Among the Great Andes of the Equator,' a region little known and full of dangers for the traveller. The book has many illustrations and a supplementary appendix containing contributions from scientific men on the birds, insects, reptiles, etc. which Mr. Whymper brought from the Andes.

—A London *Academy* reviewer says of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's lately published story:—"When I say that 'Col. Carter of Carterville' is perfect, I refer to the man rather than to the book in which his portrait is drawn; but, as the man and the book are practically one, the epithet may serve for both."

—*The Academy* of Sept. 5 contains this note:—

Mr. R. S. Smythe, the Australian manager, and Major Pond, from New York, sailed from England last week to return to their respective countries. Mr. Smythe carries away with him contracts with Mr. Henry M. Stanley (for October 1891 to April 1892), and with Max O'Rell and M. Paderewski (for May 1892 to May 1893). Major Pond has engaged Sir Edwin Arnold and Max O'Rell for the forthcoming season (1891-92) in the United States and Canada. Max O'Rell, who is engaged by both managers, will sail for Australia from San Francisco on March 31, 1892.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day 'Conduct as a Fine Art,' including in one volume 'The Laws of Daily Conduct,' by Nicholas P. Gilman, and 'Character Building: A Master's Talks with His Pupils,' by Edward P. Jackson, M.A., Master in the Bos-

ton Latin School (two books which recently divided the prize of \$1000 offered by the American Secular Union for the best work to aid teachers in giving moral instruction on a scientific basis); 'Geodesy,' by Prof. J. Howard Gore; Vols. III. and IV. of the new Riverside Edition of Dr. Holmes's works; 'The House of Martha,' by Frank R. Stockton, and 'A Handful of Lavender,' by Lizette Woodworth Reese.

—*Munsey's Weekly* has been transformed into *Munsey's Magazine*, the first (October) number of which will be ready in a few days. It will be of the same size and price as *Scribner's*, but will publish no serial stories.

—S. N. B. of Plainfield, N. J., sends us this petition:—"If Mr. Moscheles, or any other of the late Mr. Browning's admirers, knows any more stories about him like the one quoted in your last issue, won't he or they please suppress them? If Mr. Browning's poetry survives the poet for three years, or two, or even one, it ought to be a great sign of strength, if such stories as that "all about the ladies wearing birds in their hats" are to be saddled upon him."

—Shakespeare's Sonnets have been translated into French by Mme. Simone Arnaud, a poet and dramatist. The translator has preserved the form of the Shakespearian sonnet, though it does not accord with the modern French rules, and is said to have rendered with astonishing accuracy Shakespeare's figures of speech.

—*American Notes and Queries* has been sounding the editors of this broad land as to their pronunciation of the word 'advertisement.' On Sept. 19, it reported that, 'roughly speaking,' 250 editors say *advertis'ement* and 230 *adver'tisement*. *The Critic* is quoted among those who accent the word on the second syllable. Two papers 'use both alike' and one says *ad'vertisement*—which is not an easy thing to do.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Borden Biddle, widow of William S. Biddle, died last Monday evening at her home in Philadelphia. She was in her ninety-second year. Mrs. Biddle was a daughter of Judge Joseph Hopkinson, author of 'Hail Columbia,' a granddaughter of Francis Hopkinson, a noted writer of songs and essays and a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and a great granddaughter of Thomas Hopkinson, a member of the Provincial Council and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty under George II.

—Mr. Onslow Ford's memorial of Marlowe was to be unveiled at Canterbury on the 16th inst., Mr. Henry Irving making an address. The principal object in the memorial is 'Poetry'—a life-size bronze figure crowned with a laurel-wreath and carrying a lyre. The four niches in the marble pedestal are to contain four characters from Marlowe's plays.

—Harper & Bros. announce 'The Warwickshire Avon,' by A. T. Quiller-Couch; 'Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh,' by Laurence Hutton; 'Art and Criticism,' by Theodore Child; 'Studies in the Wagnerian Drama,' by Henry E. Krehbiel; 'The Boy Travellers in Northern Europe,' by Thomas W. Knox; 'The Spanish-American Republics,' by Theo. Child; 'American Foot-Ball,' by Walter Camp; and the 'Writings and Memoirs of Von Moltke.'

—A Paris despatch to the London *Times* says that Prince Bismarck has partly written five chapters of his intended book. 'These relate to his embassy in France, his mission in Russia in 1866, the Berlin Congress, and his retirement. He is said to have asked Prof. Geffcken to write from his dictation, a request which was quite unexpected. \* \* \* The work, as far as can be judged from its present shape, is historical and anecdotal, and discusses politics only when they relate to events in which he was directly concerned.'

—Col. J. Thomas Scharf, author of the History of Maryland, has addressed a communication to President Gilman and the Trustees of Johns Hopkins University, saying that the reasons which induced him to present to the University his collection of manuscripts, pamphlets, autographs, curios, and other historical material have induced Mr. Robert Garrett to present to the University, through him, his library of Americana.

—The frontispiece of the October *Century* will be a portrait of Rudyard Kipling, to accompany Mr. Gosse's study of his writings. 'The Chosen Valley,' by Mary Hallock Foote, a serial story to appear in *The Century* next year, will deal more or less directly with irrigation in the far West. 'Characteristics,' by Dr. Weir Mitchell, to appear in the same magazine, is said to be made up of science, poetry and the author's self. *The Century* has in preparation a series of illustrated articles on 'The Jews in New York,' written by the Rev. Dr. Richard Wheatley, who deals with many phases of the subject, including occupations, festivals and feasts, family life and customs, charities, clubs, amusements, education, etc. In gathering the material for these papers Dr. Wheatley has had the assistance of several well-known Hebrews.

—Balzac's house, No. 11 Rue Berryer, Paris, is about to be demolished. It contains a door in marqueterie which belonged to the bedchamber of the novelist; and this, with a series of photographs of the house itself, the Baronne S. de Rothschild, its present owner, has offered to the Musée Carnavalet, which is already rich in relics of the men-of-letters of Paris.

—The *Tribune* recently stated that the Rev. Edward Everett Hale was seventy-nine years of age, which is just ten years too many. The mistake has brought forth two pleasant letters of correction. One is from Dr. Hale, who says:—"This will be all right ten years hence, but at present is a little 'previous,' or as I think the reporters say, 'premature.' Keep it among the obituaries at Hal; and if you will print it again in 1901, it will gratify yours truly, Edward E. Hale." The other is from the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of *The Evangelist*, who, as will be seen, has strong personal reasons for making the correction. 'How dare you,' ex postulates Dr. Field, 'make Edward Everett Hale seventy-nine years old?' In doing so you are not only pushing him to the wall, but me too; for we were born on the same day, April 3, 1822, so that he always calls me his twin brother—a fact to which I refer in dedicating my book, "Old Spain and New Spain," to him.'

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1639.—Who is the author of these lines?

How like a ruin overgrown  
With flowers that hide the rents of time,  
Stands now the past that I have known;  
Castles in Spain, not built of stone  
But of white summer clouds, and blown  
Into this little mist of rhyme.

DETROIT, MICH.

E. F.

### Publications Received

RECEIPT OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IS ACKNOWLEDGED IN THIS COLUMN. FURTHER NOTICE OF ANY WORK WILL DEPEND UPON ITS INTEREST AND IMPORTANCE. WHEN NO ADDRESS IS GIVEN THE PUBLICATION IS ISSUED IN NEW YORK.]	
Adams, F. F. Gesture and Pantomimic Action. \$2.50.....	Edgar S. Werner.
Allen, G. Recalled to Life. ....	Henry Holt & Co.
Alleman, L. A. W. Optics as Related to Evolution. 10c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Alexander, Mrs. Well Won. 30c.....	John A. Taylor & Co.
Buchheim, C. A. Balladen und Romanzen. \$1.....	Macmillan & Co.
ΤΕΟΡΤΙΟΝ ΔΡΩΣΙΝΗΣ Amaryllis. 50c.....	Cassell Pub. Co.
Coe, F. E. The World and Its People. Book IV. ....	Silver Burdett & Co.
Consuelo, Saved by a Dream. ....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Day, F. G. A Mistaken Identity. ....	St. Paul, Minn.: Price-McGill Co.
Douglas, A. M. The Heirs of Bradley House. \$1.50.....	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Doudouray's History of Modern Civilization. ....	D. Appleton & Co.
Eaton, A. W. Church of England in Nova Scotia. \$1.50.....	Thos. Whittaker.
Edwards, W. A. Climate of Southern California in Relation to Disease. ....	Reprinted from <i>The Climatologist</i> .
Fitzgerald, P. Life of James Boswell. 2 vols. ....	D. Appleton & Co.
Fletcher, C. The Bachelor's Baby. soc. ....	Clarke & Zugalla.
Gide, C. Principles of Political Economy. Tr. by E. P. Jacobsen. 50c.....	D. C. Heath & Co.
Grigorovitch, D. The Cruel City. soc. ....	Cassell Pub. Co.
Habberston, J. Out At Twinnet's. 50c.....	John A. Taylor & Co.
Hake, T. St. E. Within Sound of the Weir. 50c.....	Cassell Pub. Co.
Hannay, D. Rodney. 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Hardy, A. S. Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima. 50c.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hayes, A. The March of Man and Other Poems. \$1.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Hungerford, M. C. The Friendly Five. 50c.....	Hunt & Eaton.
Landor, W. S. Imaginary Conversations. 50c.....	Ed. by C. G. Crump. \$1.25.....
Lanier, Sidney. Poems. Ed. by his wife. \$2.....	J. M. Dent & Co.
Mayhew, A. L. Old English Phonology. \$2.25.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Mahaffy, J. P. Classical Greek Literature. 2 vols. \$2.25.....	Macmillan & Co.
May, S. In Old Quinnebasset. \$1.50.....	C. T. Dillingham.
McConnell, S. D. Sons of God. \$1.50.....	Thos. Whittaker.
Molesworth, Mrs. The Red Grange. \$1.50.....	Thos. Whittaker.
Mollov, J. F. Sweet is Revenge. 50c.....	John A. Taylor & Co.
Murray, D. C. and Herman, H. He Fell Among Thieves. 50c.....	J. W. Lovell Co.
Murray, J. C. Introduction to Ethics. \$1.75.....	Boston: D. Wolfe & Co.
Needell, J. H. Stephen Ellicott's Daughter. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Optic. O. Stand by the Union. 50c.....	C. T. Dillingham.
Potts, W. Form and Color in Nature. 10c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Rae, W. F. The Business of Travel. ....	Thos. Cook & Son.
Raffensperger, A. F. Led in Unknown Paths. \$1.25.....	Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Roe, E. R. The World Against Her. 50c.....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Rose, S. St. Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits. \$6.....	Catholic Pub. Society Co.
Self-Examination for Medical Students. ....	Phila.: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.
Sellen, F. Hatuey. 50c.....	A. Costa Gomez.
Tennyson, Enoch Arden. Ed. by W. T. Webb. 40c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Tennyson, F. Daphne, and Other Poems. \$2.50.....	Macmillan & Co.
Thanet, O. We All. ....	D. Appleton & Co.
Shakespeare, W. As You Like It. Ed. by K. Deighton. 40c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Sidgwick, H. Elements of Politics. 50c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Spencer, H. Essays, Scientific, Political and Speculative. 3 vols. ....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.
University of Penna. Library. Proceedings at Opening. ....	Phila.: University Press.
Walford, L. B. The Mischief of Monica. 50c.....	J. W. Lovell Co.
Wildenbruch, E. von. Francesca da Rimini. Tr. by Kannida. 50c.....	Chicago: Laird & Lee.

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